

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

UPON THE SUBJECT—"The Insignificant Becomes
 Important"—How Sorrow and Trouble Develop
 Character—The Beauty of Unflinching
 Friendship—Female Industry.

Text: Ruth, 11, 3. "And she went a came and gleaned in the field after the reapers, and her hap was to light on the part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."

handful of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, it is instead of raking it as farmers do, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor coming along that way might glean it and get the bread. But you say "what is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun;" and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest field? BOB OWEN a large farm and he goes out to see

right behind the swarthy, sun-browned reaper, he beholds a beautiful woman gleaming—a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an even sadder day. It was late at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleam—an attachment full of unfeeling interest to the churches of God—in all ages, while Ruth with an aphor or nearly a bushel of barley goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness and traveled through an affecting affliction, her mother-in-law, is in the best field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Jewish and Christian

after time the ancessors of Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory! Out of so dark a night did they ever dawn so bright a morning? I learn in the first part of this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty and exile that developed, illustrated and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer and Dr. Channing the better poet and O'Connell the better orator and Bishop Doane the better preacher and Havelock the better soldier. It was the better encyclopedist and Ruth the better daughter-in-law. I once asked an aged man

regard to his pastor who was a very brilliant man: "The reason is that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have lost his heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is your pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him his style will be different." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house, and though the preacher was still as brilliant as he was before, Oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses! The fact is, that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a great musician sit down at an instrument and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered.

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Misfortune and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sick room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription and very rough in his manner and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but years roll on and there has been one dead in his own house; and now he comes to the sick room and sits with tearful eye he looks at the dying child and he says: "Oh, this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator, Sorrow, I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Hippocrène was struck out by the foot of the mighty horse, Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron-shod hoofs of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flames of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood splashed guillotine and the crackling of martyrdom. I took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin martyr. I took the

the cardinal's curse and the world's anathema to develop Martin Luther. It took all the bones against the Scotch covenanters and the fury of Lord Overbury to develop James Renwick and Andrew Melville and Hugh McKail, the glorious masters of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea and the December blast and the desolate New England coast and the war whoop of savages to show forth the prowess of the pilgrim fathers.

When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding of the drum of the wood
Rang to the anthems of the free."

It took all our past national distresses and
It takes all our present national sorrows to lift

In that high career, where it will march long, the foreign armies that have mocked, and the tyrannies that have jeered shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates despotism, and who, by the strength of his own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually and in the family and in the church and in the world, hat through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations are developed.

Again I see in the beauty of un-faltering friendship, I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity; but of all her acquaintances how many were willing to trudge off with her to-

ly journey? One, the heroine, said that her husband was the richest man in the East. — absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living and they had plenty of money and all things went well, they had a great many callers; but I suppose that after her husband died and her property went and she got old and poor she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sang to her when the sun shined there, have gone to their nests now the night has fallen. Oh, these beautiful sun flowers that spread out their color in the morning hour; but they are always asleep when the sun is going down. Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Uz; but when his

there were none so much that pestered as Elipheh the Temanite, and Biddad the Shubite and Zophar the Naamathite. Life often seems to be a mere game where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character and he becomes like a bank that has been overdrawn. The question is on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building which go down under some moral exposure as if the vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century home.

...ers and hypocrisy how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity. David had such a friend in Hushai. The Jews had such a friend in Mordecai who never forgot their cause, Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus who visited him in jail. Christ had

have known in my 30 years' practice. I have found it especially beneficial in nervous or physical exhaustion, and in all debilitating ailments that bear so heavily on the system. Use it freely in my own family."

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